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D O T A G E.

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A
C U R E
FOR
D O T A G E.

A
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT;
SUNG AT
MARYBONE-GARDENS.



L O N D O N :
Printed for C. D. PIGUENIT in *Norris-Street.*
MDCCLXXI.

CUR FOR D O T A G E

Musical Instrument;



L O N D O N :

Printed for C. D. Piccini in New-York.

MDCCLXXI.



A

CURE for DOTAGE.

PART I.

LOVEMORE.

SONG.

DISTANT hope, with doubt furrounded,
Faintly warms the anxious heart :
Baulk'd, we sorrow not confounded
Other wishes heal the smart.
But secured the long-sought blessing
Surely when we think our own ;
Deluded, rage our Soul possessing,
Heaves the big sigh, and swells the heart-felt
groan.

B

LUCY

A CURE for DOTAGE.

L U C Y.

Lucy. Poor soul! 'tis in a bad way then.

Lovem. Ah, my little Lucy, what news do you bring to comfort me? How does my Emily? May I hope to be blest with a sight of my angel? Does she still——

Lucy. Hold, hold, Mr. Lovemore; fewer questions at a time——Besides you might have bestowed a little civility on me; it would not have been thrown away, I assure you.

Lovem. Dear Lucy, excuse me; you know my situation must of course allow my impatience.

Lucy. Why 'tis a little *derangée* just now, that's the truth.

Lovem. Allow'd by my Emily's father to consider her as surely mine, when I left England to join the army, nothing but that call of honour prevented our union; and now——

Lucy. You find your friend dead; and your mistress, by his whimsical will, wholly in the power of her guardian, who has declared against you.

Lovem. He even refuses to listen to my pretensions!

Lucy. You must understand you have a rival, sir!

Lovem. A rival!——Confusion!——

Lucy. Ay, and a very formidable one too; who is sure of Mr. Richlands best interest.

Lovem. Quick—name him.

Lucy. It is—I vow I scarce dare venture to tell you——

Lovem

Lovem. This instant!——

Lucy. In short, 'tis Mr. Richland himself.

Lovem. Richland! ridiculous!

Lucy. 'Tis very true tho'; and I'm afraid you'll find it very troublesome too, if I don't assist you.

Lovem. My dear Lucy!—but cannot you introduce me to my Emily?

Lucy. I will go to her this instant; and as the old fellow is not yet up, you will have half an hour to yourselves, while he studies the luck of the day by the disposition of his garters. He is certainly one of the strangest——

Lovem. Oh, never mind, my good girl, what he is just now——Fly to my chamber——

Lucy. Lord, sir, I am not in love if you are; mere walking will do for me.

S O N G.

Lucy. Do you think that I still
 Shall fly at your will
 When my tongue you would strive to restrain;
 Let my prattle go on
 You'll find when I've done
 Of my zeal you've no cause to complain.
 A bargain we'll strike
 Each shall have what they like,
 And neither the other to Baulk,
 I'll your wishes assist;
 You as long as I list
 Shall let me continue to talk.

B 2

EMILY.

EMILY, LOVEMORE.

Lovem. My Emily!

Emily. Mr. Lovemore——your servant:

Lovem. Your most obedient, madam!

Emily. Any commands with me, sir?——
You seem discomposed——

Lovem. O Emily! what am I to think? Is this the reception I am to meet with after such an absence?

Emily. Why, what sort of reception did your lively imagination expect?

Lovem. Not such as I have received, I assure you, madam.

Emily. Lovemore, is not this an immense pretty sleeve-knot?

Lovem. This levity, Miss Godfrey, is rather ill-timed: if you retain any of those sentiments for me you once avowed, you would——

Emily. What a Cynic!—Would you have me break my heart for a few difficulties?——Oh! I doat on opposition in these matters: an amour is nothing without it.

S O N G.

Emily. Love his empire o'er the mind
Supports unrivall'd, unconfin'd:
Divided sway he scornsto hold,
Nor deigns to share his pow'r with gold.
His

His gentle bands in vain to break
Palsy' d age and avarice seek ;
All their efforts still in vain,
Faster bind the pleasing chain.

Lovem. My dearest Emily ?

L U C Y.

Lucy. Away, away, turtles ? This is no time for rapture. The old Don will be with you instantly.

Lovem. Let him come ; I'll assert my right, and free my lovely girl from such a thralldom.

Lucy. And by so wise an attempt set him on his guard, and loose every better hope, which time and contrivance may produce.

Emily. Indeed Mr. Lovemore, you had better leave me now. Trust to my affection——

Lucy. Trust to my invention——which has already prepared a plan that cannot fail of obtaining your desires.

Lovem. Quick, unfold, my dear Lucy !

Lucy. In the first place then, you must——leave us this instant.

Lovem. Nay, but Lucy——

Lucy. Not another syllable——I'll be with you presently, and acquaint you with particulars : mean time sigh out a tender adieu there, and be-gone.

Lovem. And must I leave you, my Emily !
D U E T.

D U E T.

Lovem. Since I must go, farewell, my love!

Emily. Adieu! dear youth! depart.

Both. No absence shall my truth remove
Or change my constant heart.

Lucy. What a Jew is this old fellow here, to wish to part such a couple—that he should venture to think of nineteen for a wife, at three-score. Such a wretch is not only vicious himself, but enough to make half the world so.

S O N G.

I hate an old am'rous fool,
Who bending under life's decay,
Yet seeks a seat in Cupid's school,
And debts contracts he ne'er can pay:
Insolvent such must ever prove
Alike to reason and to love,
By dotage thus to madness drove,
With quivering knees, with tottering gait,
Tho' bowed with age, yet boyish their prate.
They ogle and stare at whoever they meet,
And leer so offensive it shocks one to see't.

Ha, he's here I vow—now for a trial of skill with the old cuff—he seems wonderfully thoughtful.

Richland. What can it mean?—no good, I'm sure—it was the left—I'm strangely unfortunate.

Lucy.

Lucy. I'll venture to interrupt him——Good morning to you, fir.

Richland. Ha ! who's that ?——Oh, Lucy ! unlucky again !

Lucy. What's the matter, fir ?

Richland. The matter——why you're an old maid, a'nt you ? I never have any luck that day, when the first person I meet is an old maid.

Lucy. O fir, don't let that disturb your meditations ; I dare say they were bestowed on my lady.

Richland. Troth, and so they were, Mrs. Lucy.

Lucy. I knew it, and I come to acquaint you how you may give a prosperous turn to every day's luck for a month to come.

Richland. Ay, ay,——well, come, let's hear——I like your beginning vastly——Prosperous——ay, 'tis a good word, and has a chearful accent.

Lucy. You must know then——for all you reproach'd me just now with being an old maid.

Richl. Ah !——well, well,——you're not a maid then, I suppose.

Lucy. How, fir ; do you doubt my virtue ?

Richl. No, no,——I tell you, but——

Lucy. I'd have you to know, fir, there is never a girl in the county——

Richl. Oh, I have no doubt—I would swear for you : your very face is your security.

Lucy. My face——why what's the matter with my face ?

Richl. 'Oons, I can't be wrong on both sides, sure

Lucy. My face indeed !

Richl. Pshaw !

S O N G.

SONG.

Would you tell me a story, go on ;
 Nor leave it when once you've begun.
 Impatient I wait,
 While idly you prate
 On matters which no way to business relate,
 Nor have hope you will ever have done.

Lucy. Well then, to make short of my tale,
 there is just arrived in the village, a most extra-
 ordinary cunning man.

Richl. Well.

Lucy. Go to him immediately, and consult
 him how to carry on your suit to my lady; he can
 tell you your lucky days you know.

Richl. Adad! adad, my little Lucy, you are
 so kind—there's sixpence, to buy you a top-knot.

Lucy. O no, sir, I must beg to be excused ;
 I'm not mercenary.

Richl. Nay, you shall take it ; I insist on it—
 I beg you will—Well I won't press you farther ;
 but I declare I am infinitely obliged to you.

Lucy. Shall I go first and prepare him ?

Richl. Do, Lucy ; I will follow you imme-
 diately ; yet I profess I don't much like this busi-
 ness.

Lucy. Why so, sir ?

Richl. Why I dreamt this morning——

Lucy. Pshaw, never mind dreams ; if you
 don't take me now I'm in the humour, I won't
 go at all.

Richl.

Richl. Well, if it must be so——

D U E T.

Richl. Each good omen still attend me ;
Every better star befriend me,
While I seek the means to prove,
To gain my little Emmy's love.

Lucy. Her cañ besides you'll safely pocket.

Richl. Get you gone, you little blockhead:
Her eyes

Lucy. - - - - - and her pelf,
More dear than herself,

Richl. My heart hath surpriz'd ;

Lucy. - - - - - nay your soul
would have won.

Richl. This love makes me younger,
I'm brisker, I'm stronger.

Lucy. You'd need, yet I fear should she yield you're
undone.

Richl. Should I fail in my suit, I am surely undone.

A. 2. Quick, quick let's hence away—but oh !
This dev'lish haste has kill'd my toe.

Lucy. Ha, ha,——I cannot check my laughter,
Good bye t'ye, sir !——you'll hobble after.

Both. Pain still closely follows pleasure,
Hence this mischief came about.

Richl. My joy would now be past all measure,

Both. But 'tis allay'd by - - - - - gout.

Lucy. - - - - - age and



A

CURE for D O T A G E.

PART the SECOND.

LOVEMORE *disguised as a Doctor,*

RICHLAND, LUCY.

Lucy to **T**HIS, fir, is the learned gentleman.

Richl. Richl. I profess I am quite tired---
[coughs] Is this the doctor?

Lucy. It is, fir.

Richl. I am so fatigued——Reverend fir, your
most obsequious——[coughs]

Lovem. Will you repose yourself, fir?

[Richland sits.]

[To Lucy.] I shall certainly exert my best skill to
serve the gentleman.

Lucy.

Lucy. I have not the least doubt of it.

SONG.

The story goes, a female sage
 Once on a time
 To youthful prime
 Restor'd an hero bow'd with age :
 No girl so young
 But stout and strong,
 The brisk fourscore might well engage.
 From your profound unerring skill
 A harder task
 We humbly ask ;
 To guide a gay young virgin's will ;
 To make her love
 Obedient move
 Tow' rds him, unchang'd and feeble still.

[*Exit.*

Lovem. Well, fir ; how do you find yourself ?

Richl. Ha !——ay——Oh, I am quite hearty,
 thank ye——Egad I beg pardon, doctor ! but I
 was taken up with the idea of my little lambkin.
 Lovers, you know must be excused.

Lovem. Oh, fir, I am not unacquainted with
 your situation——

Richl. Indeed !——Well that's much !

Lovem. Oh, nothing at all, fir——why I can
 tell you the whole history of your amour.

Richl. Sure !

Lovem. At this instant you are doubting whe-
 ther you had not better give up your pretensions

to a young fellow, her former lover, for a valuable consideration; and as you despair of success yourself, make him buy her, with a moiety of her portion.

Richl. I reverence your skill exceedingly, sir! —but, doctor, could you not excite in that cruel girl a mutual flame?

Lovem. Nothing more easy——nay, I have already done it.

Richl. Have you really?

Lovem. Positively.

Richl. My dear friend, I am infinitely obliged to you——Ay! your very aspect bespeaks good fortune: I foresaw a happy issue, the moment I had sight of you.

Lovem. Your most obedient, sir.

Richl. But doctor, my dear doctor——'oons I'm so transported——

S O N G.

My joy sweetly springing
Such happiness bringing
I scarce can my rapture restrain,
While thus beyond measure
Abounding in pleasure
Excess makes it almost a pain.
Old and ugly, no, no,
It cannot be so;
Ods bobs, I'm become
Brisk, handsome and young,
Who'd have thought I so soon could have
alter'd my song!

Richl.

Richl. And will this impreffion remain ?

Lovem. You need not doubt it.

Richl. Now, fir, if you would grant me another favour.

Lovem. What is that, fir ?

Richl. To keep this bufinefs an entire fecret : let me enjoy the full credit of fuch a conqueft.

Lovem. With all my heart ; you will allow accordingly in the confideration.

Richl. Confideration !

Lovem. Ay, for fo important a fervice you cannot think of prefenting me with lefs than fifty pieces.

Richl. Why, if I was fure the young lady's affection would hold.

Lovem. 'Tis not in the power of man to shake it.

Richl. Hum—Your's is a wonderful fcience.—As you have fo great an influence over Mifs Godfrey, I dare fay you can exert the fame on me.

Lovem. Doubtlefs—but, fir—

Richl. The instant I find myfelf difpofed to comply with your demand, I fhall moft certainly think of it.

Lovem. Fairly caught, by Jupiter. Well, fir, I am content

Richl. And fo am I.—But could you not give me a hint of the means by which you acquire fuch furprizing skill ?

Lovem. Very readily, fir.

S O N G.

S O N G.

Some think in the stars we are able
 Past, present, and future to read :
 Some think, from white wand, or gown fab
 The whole art and myst'ry proceed.
 But they know not the plan
 Of a true cunning-man.

When fortune will rude be or civil,
 Some think we by magic are told ;
 And some that we deal with the Devil,
 To whom we've our carcasses sold ;
 But that's not the plan
 Of a true cunning-man.

But when folks have been at our dwelling,
 And to us have their secrets betray'd,
 We for hearing their tale——and then telling,
 Are sure to be very well paid.——
 And this is the plan
 Of a true cunning-man.

Richl. Is that your plan ? and have you been
 making a fool of me all this while ?

Lovem. By no means, fir.

Richl. Hey day ! Why I don't know what
 to make of you ?

Lovem. You seem, fir, to enjoy a lucid inter-
 val : let me advise you to keep yourself calm——

Richl. A lucid interval——keep myself calm !

Lovem.

Lovem. It is a rule, whenever we receive a new patient, to humour his conversation, that we may come to the source of his malady.

Richl. How !

Lovem. Now, fir, if no outrageous fit should come on, I am not without hopes that a month's confinement——

Richl. Hah ! what's all this ?

Lovem. Copious phlebotomy, and a spare diet——

Richl. S'death, what are you talking of !

Lovem. May set you right again ; —without having recourse to disagreeable severities.

Richl. I do not intend to give you any trouble, fir.

Lovem. You will please to walk into the next room, fir ; we will begin immediately, if you please, with——

Richl. That jade Lucy——I knew some mischief was about to befall me——

Lovem. You shall be treated with every civility suitable.

Richl. Spare your trouble, I beseech you friend.

S O N G.

Sure you're dreaming
Or are teeming
With some idle foolish cheat :
Yet all your gain
Is fruitless pain.
Soon your arts I shall defeat.

What's

What's your meaning
 's past explaining,
 Neither do I know or care;
 For to your cost, !
 Your labour's lost,
 And you remain just as you were.
 — [Rich. going.

Lovem. Nay if you become unruly.—Now, fir, I hope you'll behave a little more orderly.

Richl. Well, fir, you shall smart for this.

Lovem. Your situation required this measure ; your case was almost desperate.

Emily and Lucy.

Here, ladies, is this unhappy man.

Lucy. Poor Gentleman ! who, to look at him, could think he had lost his senses.

Richl. Lost my senses ! O you jade.—

Emily. That ever my poor Guardian should run mad !

Richl. I am *not* mad—I tell you I am *not* mad. Do, my dear Emily, unbolt the door, and let me out : I'll teach this fellow to —

Emily. How sensibly he talks !

Richl. Zounds you'll make me mad amongst you, if you keep me here much longer !

QUAR-

QUARTETTO.

Richl. Rage and shame my bosom tearing,
Reason soon will leave her seat;
Trick'd, insulted;—'tis past bearing.

Lovem. Wholesome physic's seldom sweet!

Emily. Alas, poor guardee! who'd ha' thought
it!

Richl. I am *not* mad.

Lucy to Emily. - - - - O, never doubt it!

Richl. Vengeance with my senses losing,
You'll escape, if thus I rage;
I'll be patient.

Lucy. - - - - There's no chusing:
Patience suits your present cage.

Emily. Oh fate perverse!
Oh fate accurst!
Unhappy day
For him, for me!
Thus confin'd in dismal cell,
'Midst straw and cobwebs thus to dwell.
Poor guardee!

Richl. Ope' the door, my dear, and right me.

Lovem. Don't go too near.

Emily. - - - - - He shall not bite me.

Richl. Vixen, away! you're worse than either!
Sure you're all combin'd together.

Vengeance fires me!

Rage inspires me!

Reason soon will leave her seat

Em. Luc. Lovem. Wholesome physic's seldom
sweet.

D

Richl.

Richl. What can I do ! how escape !

Lovem. He recovers again.

Lucy. Let me catch that moment to convince him I have proved myself his best friend.

Richl. My traitrefs ! but I'll——

Emily. Patience, I beseech you.

Lovem. Nay he shall be patient, before he is released from where he is.

Richl. Any thing ! I agree to any thing, rather than remain here——

Lucy. Enough.

They let him out; Lovemore discovers himself; they all laugh.

Richl. How ! am I cheated——laugh'd at ?

Lovem. No, sir ; you will now, I am sure, act like a man of sense : you were then only in danger of being laughed at, when you were taking pains to cheat yourself.

Emily. Good guardee, be calm ; you have cause to rejoice at your double escape.

S O N G.

Tho' your Hopes have been crost,
And a wife you have lost
Your senses and freedom you've gain'd ;
When 'tis twenty to ten,
You'd had either again
If your wishes you'd hapless obtain'd.

Richl. Well ! you have outwitted me, and I forgive you. But how many are there among
mankind

mankind, who appear in the most respectable light; yet, were their actions brought to the test, would be found as lunatic as myself.

S O N G.

Richl. With curious eye survey mankind,
Like me the mas you'll surely find;
By various fancies still misled,
On folly's verge they ceaseless tread;
The absent with they ever chuse,
The present good absurd refuse;
Such folks, survey'd with reason's eye,
Must sure appear as mad as I.

Lucy. See yon brisk youth! on either arm
He leads a nymph might dotage warm.
For these he quits his longing wife;
To these devotes each hour of life.
Withdraw the veil, the nymphs you'll find
In person loathsome, base in mind:
The veil withdraw, let wisdom rule,
And, if not mad, the man's a fool.

Lovem. See him, by fortune greatly blest,
Of wealth, of rank, of fame possess;
That rank degrade, that bliss forego,
And, naught to gain, risk every woe:
While baneful Gaming's eager hand
Unnerves his mind, and steals his land.
No suit for scandal do I fear,
While such I boldly *mad* declare.

Emily.

Emily. While beaux like brother monkeys chat,
 And belles prefer their idle prate;
 While shame from female cheeks is flown,
 And Fashion stamps each vice her own:
 While such absurdities we find,
 While such pursuits divide mankind,
 You'll own, nor think me much too free,
 There's many here as mad as he.



F I N I S.

